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## MAY-MORN.

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Again May's bright and mellow blush  
Now gilds the wide horizon's arch;  
All nature seems to greet 'midst flush  
The sun's returning daily march.

Birds chirping in their sylvan homes,  
Or on the dewy meadow's rim,  
Or soaring to the cloud-built domes,  
Are carolling their matin hymn.

The lowing herd, the bleating sheep,  
To verdant pastures wind their way,  
Where grass-blades glitt'r through valleys deep  
In morning's gaily flick'ring ray.

How lovely are ye woods and dales!  
And how, in morning's scented air,  
I love to hear the soft, low wails  
Of rustling winds in meadows fair.

E. HEFELE, '01.

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## THE VIRGIN MOTHER AND THE NON-CATHOLIC BARDS.

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Celestial must have been the feelings and noble the aspiration of genuine sincerity and sublime truthfulness that gave the supernal inspiration to the sensitive and wayward Keats when he uttered those ever memorable words:

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

Beauty is the life-giving principle of every poet; he follows her most passionately as the weary wanderer the dimly flickering light half obscured in the hazy distance. It matters not whether she be hidden in the darkest and most abysmal depths, in the glowing elevation of the sun's spotless glory and splendid magnificence, or only in the vividly creative and fiery imagination of the lowly poet. Beauty is all in all to him, her he must find, and sing in wonderful rapture her undying fame and glorious immortality. A want of true beauty is a lack of real poetry, for it is the very essence of all poetic productions, clothed in the harmonious garb of refined and elegant diction. Then only can it withstand the cruel ravishes of destructive time.

All immortal bards of all ages and languages have been guided to glory's golden pinnacle by the dictates of this all-important principle—the beautiful. No matter how darkly blemished a poet's private character may be, his poetry, to endure and overcome the successive attacks of ages,

must bear the indelible stamp of the beautiful. This is true of all literature, but of none to such a marked degree as that of the English people. The Reformation, foolishly so called, and the dark, cold sway of Protestantism are accountable for this. They destroyed external beauties, but the real, lifelike beauties born in the poet's imaginative soul they could not even check much less destroy. On time's ruinous wrecks numerous instances survive.

Purity is the constant handmaid of the beautiful. This was well understood by our English Protestant bards. The would-be reformers of the sixteenth century had discarded the true Church, derided and perverted those soul-saving, God-like doctrines which she alone could teach to the wandering human race. Where before a bright light shone, they created a misty darkness of bigotry, prejudices, ignorance and intolerance. Their most furious attacks were directed against the most beautiful of all Catholic doctrines—those which concern the Virgin Mother. This model of true womanhood, of heavenly beauty, their Redeemer's most loving Mother, they scorned most bitterly, most opprobriously insulted her faithful children, and mocked filial devotion to her as gross idolatry, ignorant and superstitious fanaticism. Yet the conscientious soul of the poet spoke otherwise. All those deluded votaries of the Muse penned their most beautifully poetic inspirations when singing her lasting glories. From first to last, all English poets that will be read as long as there is on earth a man to read, have written in her



honor; for they beheld in her the sublimest of all beauties, and their poetic spirit overcame the diabolical forces of private prejudices and inherited bigotry.

First in chronological order is that puritanical Arian defamer of all things celestial, "the execrable rebel and heretic Milton." Once at least during his rebellious lifetime he descended from his godless throne of revolution and impiety to write a poem that does not offend a truth-loving reader. By an eminent writer he has been justly characterized as "that worse child of the devil, whose grand poem is so horridly instinct with the hatred of the Son of God, and blasphemy against His divinity." Yet in this same fanatic mind was conceived and executed that exquisite "Ode on the Nativity". Where was Milton's heart when these beautiful lines

"But see the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest,"

glided from his prolific pen. It was overwhelmed by the inspiration of the truly beautiful. Throughout the entire poem Milton's mind and intellect soar above, far above his daily murky surroundings, and from first to last it is a production such as no sane man would dare to expect from a revolutionistic author whose deeds and actions, as recorded by faithful, impartial historians, completely gainsay those sublime sentiments expressed in these few but soul-stirring stanzas.

Who has not read, and often with a just feeling of scorn and indignation, the writings of Sir Walter Scott? They are certainly filled with ex-

traordinary beauties, but his bigoted sentimentalities, his half-hearted and soulless convictions are too often interspersed. To desire from his voluminous pen a poetic production in honor of the Virgin Mary would be an almost presumptuous expectation. How does he not rail at all things Catholic in every one of his novels? His priests and monks are either madmen or fools, his laymen rascals and scoundrels capable of any misdemeanor, heresy or crime. Yet his genius—for we can hardly call it love and veneration—has bequeathed to posterity those beautiful verses which could not have been written more elegantly and lovingly by a devout Catholic.

“Ave Maria! Maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast, and reviled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!

Mother hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm, if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
And for a father hear a child!  
Ave Maria!"

It is with a slavish feeling of solitary astonishment that we turn our attention to Lord Byron. To seek his name in a collection of this sort would at first seem an utter folly; but paradoxical as it may seem, yet so it is. Though a writer, gifted with versatility and unbounded energies, who could pen "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" he always followed the beacon light of true beauty. His character was the most wayward; his nature the most sensitive; his reckless fearlessness the direct offspring of an indomitable pride that inspired him with "so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy and despair." The unhappy condition of his earthly existence he has clearly portrayed in his principal heroes "who have arrived by the same roads at the same goal of despair; who are sick of life; who are at war with society; who are supported in their anguish only by an unquenchable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl, who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, at the last, defy the whole power of heaven and earth." Every gloomy, ghostly word he puts into the mouth of his characters is the expression, not so much of his vivid imagination, as the feelings and sentiments that permeated his whole heart and soul; he depicts them as



“Dreaming themselves predestined to a doom  
Which is not of pangs that pass away;  
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,  
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom,”  
but in reality he is only describing himself. Such  
is Byron in his most desponding mood. But once  
at least he rises above that sordid, sardonic level.  
Beauty is the most grandiloquent quality of his  
poetic soul and to it he gives full expression when  
he sings so joyfully:

“Ave Maria! O’er the earth and the sea,  
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!  
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o’er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint, dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son’s above!

Ave Maria! Oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove,—  
What though ’tis but a pictured image?—Strike.—  
That painting is no idol,—’tis too like.”

Next to the incomparable Tennyson none of  
the great poets of England during the last century  
has written so many memorable and praiseworthy  
lines as Wordsworth. With a sublime feeling of  
justice and duty he wrote about God, nature, man,  
joy, love, sorrow, our duties and our hopes. Thus  
far he is worthy of careful perusal and study. But

he was born and educated a Protestant, and with the sentiments of Protestantism he mainly wrote.

He is a puritanical bigot when he bids us praise

“The true descendants of those GODLY men

Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,

Shrine, altar, image and the mossy piles

That harbored them.”

These iconoclastic reveries and laudations, however, were not always uppermost in his mind; for too often he descends from his self-erected throne of prejudiced corruption and utters words that are more befitting the noble qualities of his truly poetic soul. He sees in the Redeemer's mother an unexampled object of love and beauty, and wonderfully eloquent is the tribute he pays to her heavenly glories. Listen but to the solemn echo of his humble homage:

“Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth

With the least shade of thoughts to sin allied;

Woman! above all women glorified,

Our tainted nature's solitary boast;

Purer than foam on central ocean tost,

Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn.

With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon

Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,

Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,

Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend

As to a visible form in which did blend

All that was mixed and reconciled in thee

Of mother's love with Maiden's purity,

Of high with low, celestial with terrene.”

Who would have expected the two Brownings, Robert, and Elizabeth Barrett, to write verses in honor of the Virgin Mother? In the bulk of their productions we never find superfluous love and devotion for things Catholic. Though an ardent



defender of theism with vague and undecided opinions about Christianity, Mr. Browning gives a wonderful exhibition of faith in the following lines:

“There is a vision in the heart of each  
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,  
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their care;  
And these embodied in a woman’s form  
That best transmits them pure, as first received,  
From God above to mankind below.”

Mrs. Browning’s tribute is even more noteworthy. Listen but to the devotional tenderness and expressive beauty of her lines in “The Lady of the Passion”:

“O Lady of the Passion, dost thou weep?  
What help can we then through tears survey,  
If such as thou a cause for wailing keep?  
What help, what hope for us, sweet Lady, say?  
Good man, it doth befit, thine heart to lay  
More courage next it, having seen me so.  
All other hearts find other balm to-day—  
The whole world’s consolation is my woe!”

Yet this is the fair poetess who openly sympathized with the rebel Mazzini, and poured forth all the scorn and acrimony of her heart on the venerable ruler of the Catholic flock, Pio Nono.

The author of the “Christian Year” is known for his devotional poems. Mr. J. Keble was an Anglican, and Anglicanism discards honor and devotion to the Virgin Mother; yet he has paid a most beautifully reverential tribute to her “whom all generations called blessed”

“Thou wept’st, meek maiden, Mother mild,  
Thou wept’st upon thy sinless Child  
Thy very heart was riven;

And yet that mourning matron here  
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear  
By all this side of Heaven.

A Son that never did amiss  
That never shamed His Mother's kiss  
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer.  
Even from the tree He deign'd to bow  
For her His agonized brow,  
Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria! blessed Maid!  
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,  
Who can express thy love  
That nurtured thee so pure, so sweet,  
Making thy heart a shelter meet  
For Jesus, holy Dove?

Ave Maria! Mother blest!  
To whom caressing and caress'd  
Clings the Eternal Child;  
Favored beyond Archangel's dream,  
When first on thee with tenderest gleam  
The new-born Saviour smiled.

Ave Maria! thou whose name  
All but adoring love can claim  
Yet may we reach the shrine  
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows  
To crown all lowly, lofty brows  
With love and joy like thine."

In turning to our American authors we find the same degree of inconsistency in their religious belief and poetic profusions. There is Byron's kindred spirit the proud, sensitive, wayward, melancholy, despairing, but unfortunate Poe. A morbid and forlorn spirit pervades all his works. How he could write his tenderly hopeful hymn to the

Virgin is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive.

“At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,  
Maria! Thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and woe, in good and ill,  
Mother of God, be with me still!  
When the hours flew brightly by,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul lest it should truant be,  
Thy grace did guide to Thine and Thee.  
Now when the storms of Fate o’ercast  
Darkly my Present and my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of Thee and Thine.”

With joy and delight we read the works of Longfellow. A truly Catholic spirit courses through every vein of his productions. He is the most Catholic of all the non-Catholic poets that have lived since the birth of the Reformation. He loves Catholic subjects and treats them with justice and fervor. To convince yourself read but “Evangeline” the “Legend Beautiful” or almost any of his works. In whose heart does not the reading of the following lines awaken the deepest love and respect for the fascinating beauties contained therein.

“This is indeed the Blessed Mary’s land  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!  
All hearts are touched and softened at her name:  
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,  
The man of deeds the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present!”

At another instance he thus extols her marvellous, angelic virtues:

“And if our faith had given us nothing more  
Than this example of all womanhood,



So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.  
This were enough to prove it higher, truer  
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

In Longfellow we find the deepest and truest exposition of faith. He alone of all the non-Catholic poets that have written on her, that have been enumerated, has given her the true epithet, *blessed*. The other poets all cold of heart considered this too lavish a praise, but Longfellow well understood that the "Mother of our dear Redeemer" had certainly deserved the glorious title.

These non-Catholic authors have truly written in most noble strains. But the true essence, the true devotion, the true faith, the true hope of life eternal with the Blessed Mother, that never fails to give unction and fire to the Catholic author, are indeed wanting in the Protestant bards. She is to them only an object of celestial beauty, not of divine faith, hope and love. They know not her true position as our powerful intercessor at the throne of her divine Son, as such we Catholics honor and revere her; and only a mind and heart gifted with the true faith, possessed of true devotion and prayer, of true humility and clear understanding of its own nothingness can utter such words and give full expression to the pious sentiments of Father Faber.

"O help of Christians! Mercy-laden!  
O blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!  
O sinless were it not for thee,  
There were in faith no liberty  
To hold that God could stoop so low,  
Or love his sinful creatures so.

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Mother dearest! Mother fairest!  
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!  
Help of earth and joy of heaven!  
Love and praise to thee be given,  
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

O Mary! When we think of thee,  
Our hearts grow light as light can be;  
For thou hast felt as we have felt,  
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;  
And so it is,—that utterly,  
Mother of God! we trust in thee!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest!  
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!  
Help of earth and joy of heaven!  
Love and praise to thee be given!  
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

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### KEATS AND SHELLEY.

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THE eighteenth century has enriched English literature with a galaxy of poets, whom nature blessed with all the exuberance of her gifts. Keats and Shelly are among the most prominent, as they are chief leaders of an era of poetic revolution, distinguished for an intense passion of laying aside the fetters of long-continued servile imitation. Both love to roam excessively in the fertile realms of a warm and glowing imagination.

In musical and elegant poetry, the superiority must be allowed to Shelly, whose education was more scholastic, and who had more time for study and better means of information. His mind's range is larger, yet sometimes hurls us into the subtle and inextricable meshes of his unlimited fancy. Keats adored nature with all the awe and reverence of the ancient Grecian bards; Shelly was a rank atheist, scouting the very idea of religion in his heart. The sphere of Keats' poetry is less turgid and more among the terrestrial flora; Shelly's is with the etherial universe, or infinite space. There is greater obscurity and vagueness of meaning in the themes of Keats, and a more definite aim in those of Shelly. The style of Keats is light, diffuse and classical; that of Shelly is free, natural, yet richly poetical and harmonious.

Keats has gained his halo in the firmament by the intensity with which he expresses the sense of beauty; Shelly by his deep and outpouring lyr-



ics unparalleled alike for imaginative beauty of thought and language. Keats' page is often dimmed by far-fetched, mythological comparisons; Shelly's, by an intense, agnostic craving. The productions of Keats were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic emergencies; composed with little consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could gather in one excursion was all he sought and wished, feeling a great aversion to revive a previous state of mind. The dilatory caution of Shelly enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to offer us some of the choicest gems of poetry. If the flights of Keats, therefore, are lower and more materialistic, Shelly ascends the zenith in a rapid balloon and leaves us gaze heavenward with an uncommon barrenness of understanding. Keats is often read with a sense of ennui; and Shelly with great delight and mental improvement.

S. J. KREMER, '02.

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ONWARD.

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Often to starry heights I gaze  
When chafed by sorrow, care and pain,  
Where dwells the luminary's blaze  
In glory grand that doth amaze  
My anxious heart. Can I such gain?  
Ah yes! Work on and ne'er complain.  
Then patience will thee upward raise  
And glory's height thou wilt attain!

T. F. K. '01

QUEEN OF MAY.

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O Mary Mother, Queen of May!

I wish to bring a gift to-day:

Bright Orange Flower—Violet blue,

And Passion Flower ever true.

I enter through the garden gate,

And while each hour from morn till late

In tending with a zealous care

The flowers tender, sweet and fair.

But when I touch the tender blade,

And think how blossoms soon must fade,

So sadly through the garden gate

With lingering steps I penetrate.

Oh must I really then depart,

Without a sigh, from nature's art,

Unmindful of her fervent plea,

"For luring and delaying me"

But can we linger, or delay

To go and gather, we may,

The blossoms that shall never fade,

Nor droop beneath the ev'ning shade?

The garden where such flowers grow,

Is not a soil of earth below,

But a divine eternal sod—

The soul of man—the breath of God.

No earthly fount, no earthly light,

To them gives growth, and colors bright,

But God th' eternal fount above,

The Son divine and holy Dove.

These flowers pure, of beauty rare,

Accept, Dear Mother, as a pray'r.

Bright Orange Flower—Violet Blue,

And Passion Flower ever true.

E. HEFELE, '01.

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THE RECONCILIATION.

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Alfred was a youth whom fortune favored with her choicest blessings. From his infancy he was watched and cared for by the affections of loving parents. His youthful years glided by with unsought for rapidity, and before his child-like expectations desired it the days of boyhood had passed. He was entering into those years where the young man must cast away all boyish frivolities and assume those more manly habits. His school-years were but idle dreams and now he must begin the stern realities of life. He was fully aware of the importance of that climateric wherein he must choose his vocation of life. Therefore he incessantly besought God to guide him on the path destined for him. Humble and devout prayers are never despised by God. Grace entered his fervent soul and a voice seemed to whisper to him: "Thou art to be one of my anointed." He communicated to his parents his wish for entering the holy priesthood, and they willingly approved of the responsible task he was about to undertake. His father especially sought to inculcate into his son's mind many wholesome precepts for the betterment of his character and the foundation of good moral principles. He told him above all things to pride himself in always retaining an honorable and respectable name. Alfred imprinted deep into his heart the words spoken by one dearest and nearest to him.



He left the hallowed precincts of his happy home to enter the studious walls of college. There he fully realized the main object of his college life. With an energetic soul he endeavored to obtain the fundamental principles of a good education, also to prepare for the burdensome station he wished to assume in life. It was by his diligent qualities and untiring efforts that he rose to the foremost rank in his class. Though many were the favors that were bestowed upon him, still he always remained the same unassuming youth, disregarding all pretensions to fame and honor.

Thus passed the first few years of this brilliant student's life. Filled with the brightest hopes he began his third year at college. The year had not far advanced when an incident happened which apparently blasted all his hopes. A serious violation of the rules was committed, and he was charged (with the violation) as the violator. The authorities of the college were greatly grieved at hearing this report. Alfred's character in the past had been irreproachable, and they could not be reconciled to the idea that he had perpetrated such an act. He, however, maintained his innocence to the very last and even when expelled his last words were: "The offense of which I am charged is certainly a grievous one, but if I have yet a friend among you let him believe me when I say that slander and jealousy have convicted me." The grief and anguish which filled his heart prevented him from saying more. He left his dear "Alma Mater" to go forth and fight the battle of life.

He dared not go home to his parents, yet he knew that his home was his dearest place; he therefore resolved to write and humbly beg his father to allow him to return. The letter was written and sent, and before many days elapsed an answer arrived. With a trembling hand Alfred opened the letter to peruse its contents. Words cannot describe the inexpressible grief which filled his heart when he read the harsh and severe words of his father. The bonds which bound him to those he most loved were broken. He had no more a loving father or an affectionate mother to speak to him words of consolation. He was a cast-away, disinherited, and disowned by those dearer to him than life. Yet in his deepest agony he did not despair, but with an imploring heart turned to Heaven, his last resource. An angel from above guided this heart-broken wanderer, and before the dawn of many mornings he beheld a humble Jesuit cloister. Led by an uncontrollable impulse he entered and appeared before the superior. He related as minutely as possible the history of his previous life and banishment. Having concluded his pathetic tale he humbly begged for admission. The superior doubted not for an instant his sincerity, for gazing into those truthful eyes he was fully assured that Alfred's tale was but too true. He permitted Alfred to enter the order, but not till after a rigorous time of probation. There again he overcame by his untiring zeal every obstacle, and before the required years had elapsed he was prepared for ordination. His fervor and piety were

never before so strikingly manifested, as when for the first time he spoke those most sacred words: "This is My Body; This is My Blood." It was especially during the first Mass that he fervently asked God to bring him in love and harmony with his parents.

As a priest he labored with unmitigated zeal in the sublime work of saving souls. Thus he labored the first eight years in the faithful discharge of his priestly duties. It was during the ninth year of his priesthood when his superior ordered him to preach a mission at a certain place. Without a word of murmur he prepared for his departure. He was, however, detained at the depot on account of the lateness of his train. At last after a wearisome waiting his train arrived and he boarded it for his destination. The engineer seeing that his train was late endeavored to regain the time lost. The train was running at a terrific speed, when rounding a curve the engineer beheld at a short distance ahead another train fast approaching. Time was not left to pull the throttle, but he was compelled to leap to save his life. With a frightful crash the two mighty engines collided. It was an awful spectacle, to behold those two massive bodies crushed to inrecognizable state. Yet still sadder was it to estimate the number of lives that were lost. A few, however, escaped uninjured, and among them was Father Alfred. He at once undertook the merciful task of assisting the wounded and the dying. Many looked up to him with a gentle smile and besought Heaven to bless him. Among the whole number



an aged man with silvery locks particularly attracted Father Alfred's attention. He approached the aged man and in the kindest tone asked if he could be of service to him. He responded in a feeble voice, that but one act he could perform for him, and that was to procure for him a Catholic priest. Alfred assured him that this could easily be done for he himself was a Catholic priest, and would administer to his wants. The dying man thanked him and at once prepared for his final confession. In broken accents he once more made his peace with God. He had finished his confession and was about to say something, yet he hesitated. At length, in a trembling and faltering voice he related how he had unjustly wronged his innocent son. His story exactly coincided with the banishment of Alfred, and the trials he had undergone. Alfred's joy and happiness were inconceivable. Words cannot utter the feelings of his heart at once more beholding his treasure, his loving father. He gazed upon those furrowed cheeks and hoary head which manifested to him the troubles his father must have endured. He could restrain himself no longer but bending over that emaciated form he imprinted the kiss of peace upon his father's forehead. With his heart full of emotion he exclaimed: "My dearest father!" A peaceful smile overspread the father's countenance, which amply compensated his son for his many years of trouble. The kiss of peace like gentle zephyrs had borne that dearest father's soul before the throne of the Almighty.

FATHER FABER.

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The English is one of the noblest languages, that resounds to-day on every continent of the globe. And we see the time approaching fast, when it is destined to wield a preponderating influence in the world's history and literature. The question, how much in its tenor and in its influence English literature in centuries to come may differ from that of the past and present, is a question that claims the interest of every English-speaking mind, and every one wishes it to be solved, and realized in accordance with his own sentiments relating to God, to mankind, and to his country.

“The spirit of the age” in centuries past is exhibited in the writings of those men whose works one generation has bequeathed to the succeeding one, as works constituting English literature. Those writers have been for the most part aliens to the true faith, the Catholic; and hence English literature is not Catholic; nor can it ever become such. Though such be the nature of circumstances, we may nevertheless speak, and rightly so, of a Catholic English literature. We can claim as our own at least two of the most eminent poets since the time when Reformation's direful seed was sown amongst the chosen plants of God. We refer first to the unsurpassed Dryden, who is ever rich, various, natural, animated, logical and picturesque. Next we hail Pope as one who ranks first amongst the poets of our litera-

ture, inferior to none but the inexhaustible and wonderful genius of Shakespeare, to the sublime and majestic Milton, and matchless Dryden. May we not also add Shakespeare? May he not also be classed among the adherents of the ancient Church? "Certainly few dramatists have portrayed Catholic sentiments more happily, or described Catholic ritual more correctly than he has done."

We have also reason to rejoice that the last century has produced a constellation of British and American Catholic authors, whose literary ability shines brightly in the great galaxy of literature; whose sound diction attracts; whose morals possess the exactitude of the solar system. The light of Cardinal Newman and Wiseman, of Manning, Doctor Lingard, etc., at once arrests our eyes. "They have enriched our noble tongue by their noble erudition, and illumined by their Faith." We may now say that some of the greatest writers that ever penned an English line are Catholic writers that combine the greatest good with the least number of imperfections.

But there is yet one star in that new constellation. His light and color is perhaps less intense and dazzling, but charmingly bright, soothing to the eyes; never wearying, never aching, but ever attracting, ever sending forth rays of hope and holy kindness. We refer to Father Faber.

Faber's life was a life full of strife and victories. His original genius, shown to us as revolving through the leisure stages of his biographical memoir, lays open to the readers, prepared for sympathy, two separate theatres of in-



terest: one in his personal career, the other in his works and intellectual development. If we trace his personal career from the time of his youth at Oxford till his conversion in 1845, we finally exclaim with the bard of old; "'Tis sweet when the seas are roughened by violent wind, to view on land the toils of others, not that there is pleasure in seeing others in distress, but because man is glad to know himself secure.'" It is pleasant to look with no share of peril on the mighty contest of war. But nothing is sweeter than to reach the calm, undisturbed Haven of God on earth, where we are secure from all poor, mistaken wandering up and down, to and fro, in life's devious ways. It was with the light of grace, which is never wanting to those who really seek truth and justice, that Father Faber found the true Haven of God—the Catholic Church. For more than twenty years he was one of the most prominent priests and spiritual writers of Europe. And to his noble life, self-sacrifice and zeal for the glory of God's Church, we bow down in reverence, not only as a leading intellect in his time, but as a character for whose parallel we might challenge the world in vain.

Let us now enter the second theatre of interest in his biographical memoirs—the interest in his works. Here he appears to us all in all, an apostolic man, an eloquent preacher, a writer of exquisite prose, and a poet of rare excellence.

His spiritual writings have endeared his name to millions of souls to which his works became full of unction. "They have those pregnant gems of thought which have almost power of themselves

to form a mind and to form themselves into a whole education." He often conveys truth in short epigrammatic sentences full of such practical wisdom, doctrines and holy kindness, as to "re-echo in our day the sweetness of St. Bernard, the wit and erudition of St. Jerome, the eloquence of St. John Chrysostom, the philosophy of St. Augustine." Whether he speaks of the Mother of God and her Son, with the freedom of a child and brother; whether he leads us to the contemplation of the mysteries of the "Blessed Sacrament;" whether he shows the road to "Progress in Spiritual Life", or to "Growth in Holiness;" whether he rises in exultation of the wonderful relation between "The Creator and the Creature," on all these sacred subjects we find a grasp, a treatment, that makes us feel we stand in the presence of a deep thinker, a lofty soul, a richly endowed mind, stored with marvellous wisdom and enriched by the mellowed experience "of a good and holy life"—a life copied from Him who has given His for us all. How many thousands of souls do not owe to these writings emotions which they can never trace back to them, yet they arise in them, and mould them through life.

We have so far followed our author in his life; we have tasted of the sweetness of his company; but we have not yet accompanied his highest flights—in his poetical soarings and inspirations. Who does not love to read those delightful poems in which the visible universe is the thought of the Eternal, depicted in words that man's limited intelligence may the easier understand it? For an

open heart, and a seeing eye it is impossible to read, without feeling that these utterings are the outbursts of a heart urged on by grace and heavenly consolation. From no poet's mind did truth ever bud more beautifully; never have all the sublime and sacred mysteries of our holy religion been sung more lovely and sweetly. Those hymns have the power to raise the plain of our mortal existence, to make life less miserable and more joyous, to bring relief in depression; consolation in sorrow, and, antidote to the ills of life. Their object is the elevation of the soul, by the representation of the divinest thoughts to which the human mind can soar.

Faber knew that poetry is itself a "thing of God," and that as such it must contain truth, beauty, and noble thoughts expressed in noble language, and under the inspiring glow of imagination, have reference to nature, man, and God. The reading of his hymns fills the heart with peace, noble thoughts, and rest. You will notice any effect, but this, from the adding of others of the poets who may excel him in the richness of language and imagery. We grant that his poetry is not perfect, but we also hold that a great many did not write as he did, and therefore it is not precisely the way to estimate an author of rare excellence by a silent or partial recognition, or even by stipulating his works, out of some unhappy bias or prejudice, for or against the author, because he is a writer of sacred things, or if he does but savor of miracles and the Gospel. It has well been said that where an author has many beauties



consistent with virtue, and truth, let not little critics exalt themselves and shower down their ill-nature upon him; but rather stretch their own powers of soul till they write better than the author whom they condemn by a silent passing over him. Others are unable to deny the excellence of his poetical works; yet there is a quiet stab in the dark at his piety, a sneer at his love for the Mother of God, a smile at our belief in the Sacraments instituted by the Redeemer of the world. We will not accept the silent judgment as it applies to many of our modern poets, who are on the contrary exalted and almost deified because they scorn all that savors of God and religion.

“Mighty were the powers, solemn and serene is the memory of Archimedes; and Appolonius shines like the ‘starry Galileo’ in the firmament of human genius, yet how frosty is the feeling associated with these names by comparison with that” which has a nook in the heart and memory of every English-speaking Catholic whose yearnings of the soul he made palpable.

Bias and prejudice may warp the sentiments of critics, to think little of Faber as a poet and to pass an unfavorable sentence concerning his productions, yet Faber’s name will be ever remembered, and his hymns will ever be sung throughout the Christian world; they will live and spread in times to come with the English tongue, which is destined to rule the minds of all future generations.

E. HEFELE, '01.



SPRING.  

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O sweet and dulcet breath  
You make the violet bloom,  
You wake the birds to song;  
You breathe—Earth opes her womb,  
Brings untold beauties forth.  
You breathe—Man's heart is light,  
And songs beyond all worth  
Peal forth into the bright  
And balmy air.  
Exult! God's might  
Again is shown in this fair world of His!  
Sing unto Him, my soul, be He thy bliss!  
O praise Him day and night!

X. F. JAEGER, '03.



**THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN**  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR


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**EDITORIALS.**

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The scholastic year is fast drawing to its close. The students should remember that this is a most important time. The pleasant green is very inviting, but keep to your book that a good examination may crown your labors of the last ten months.



Success is the pleasant reward of every manly and sincere effort. It is delightful to denote the uncommon progress the C. L. S. have been making during the present session. They are conducting their business in a characteristic and parliamentary manner, and it is such work that does them honor and credit. But the most noteworthy features of their routine work are the fortnightly private programs. At present they are of a higher order than they have been for some time; it is not only entertaining but instructive to attend them. The younger members are especially to be commended for their faithful productions.

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There is strength in unity, and harmony is the surest way to progress and success. In this country there are many Catholic colleges whose aim and object is one and the same, but whose methods too often vary greatly. This however is being very rapidly eliminated. The third annual conference of the Catholic College Presidents is to be congratulated for the work that has been done. If these efforts are continued, as certainly they will be, the uniformity of our educational system will soon be one, as is the faith by which our educators are directed and guided.

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Again the golden days have dawned. All nature is rejoicing; the earth is shooting forth choicest blades and rarest blossoms; happy birds are warbling their clearest melodies. From early morn till twilight's break, from early night till burst of dawn all nature sings her incessant

hymns of praises to the omnipotent Creator. The Church too mingles her joys with those grandiloquent expressions of gladness exhaled from nature's bosom. She has dedicated this, the most joyously beautiful month of the year—the golden blessed May—to her who is called the Mother of God, the Queen of Angels and Saints. These are days of filial devotion to her. No good Catholic Christian should neglect the precious opportunities that are now offered him by the saving hands of the Redeemer. Let us therefore deck her altars with the choicest gifts fair nature can bestow, there sing her honors and praises that she may ask the Divine Son to shower his graces and blessings upon us, ease the burdens of life, and render secure our voyage to the haven of salvation.

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Catholic education in this country is certainly making giant strides on its way to perfection. Discriminations against our schools will soon lie buried in the grave of general forgetfulness with the Puritan fanaticism and bigotry of the early New England settlers. Even as yet a silly cry is now and then raised, but it must always suffer the humiliation to be irretrievably lost in the foaming waves of its own foolishness. In the face of facts the minds of men must change; and the facts are being multiplied day after day so that even the bigoted blind cannot fail to see them, neither can they disregard them even if they wish to do so. They are too tangible, too real, too convincing to be set aside as so much worthless trash. No, they are doing their work and doing it well. Witness

but the grand intellectual victory the students of Holy Cross College, of Worcester, Mass., gained over their competitors from Brown University by the mere force of superior intellectual training and education. This is but one instance of which there are many.

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The library craze has been all the rage during the last few months. The great steel king has been distributing his millions among the cities as freely as a good-natured school-boy would share his few peanuts with his comrades. This indeed is praiseworthy, 'tis money turned to a good purpose. We favor libraries and they should be found in every city and town; and where they are not found 'tis a sure index that the place is not in a very flourishing condition. We admire the generosity of the great giver; but still more do we respect that sturdy little community that would not accept such a gift, saying that they were erecting a library by their own careful industry, self-sacrifice and esteem for the intellectual progress of the adults as well as leading on the minds of the young to an honorable desire for learning and knowledge.

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## EXCHANGES.

From the city of the Golden Gate, in the far West, beyond the majestic "Rockies" comes an Echo clear and pleasant—*The School Echo*. Like a true echo it possesses, not so much quantity, as quality and simplicity. "The Mother of St. Louis" is an article written sympathetically and appreciatively. This pious mother and Regent of France, is, after our Blessed Lady, one of the best examples for prospective Queens of the home-circle. "Nushagak" is an instructive description. We do not quite agree with the authoress's remarks of King Richard, the Lion-hearted, that "Generosity and clemency were two virtues which he possessed in a high degree." True, indeed, when affairs went on favorably, under such circumstances we, too, are generous and clement. Richard was brave and in some degree noble, yet proud and haughty and of passionate temper, hence, cross him, and under this crucial test of genuine virtue, he fails. Altogether it is a neat little Journal. May the "Echo" re-echo.

The *Santa Maria* is a modest little school journal containing items which are of like interest to pupils and parishioners. Its literary standard is not of the highest, which, however, nobody expects of a parochial school. Yet the articles contributed show habits of good reading, accuracy and diligence, and these are of more value to the world than genius. Humor too, we find, especially

in the article "The Wild Cats Club" and in the narration of "Mr. Johnson's" business ventures. The authoress of "Bricks" has a practical bent of mind. One use to which bricks may be put she failed to mention, viz., that they are an excellent substitute for rotten eggs, as time-honored custom has demonstrated to us. The *Santa Maria* would be much improved, we think, by the insertion of an Ex-column.

We turn with pleasure to an old but ever youthful friend, the *Aloysian*. True, it is a quarterly, but this circumstance may make it only the more enjoyable when it does pay us a visit.

It is a credit to the young ladies' industry to count some thirty contributions, and this figure does not include work of local interest—surely a good three months work. The article, "The Stone Rolled Back" is a gem of description. Other articles of interest are "An Experiment That Failed," "A Contrast," and "A Charming Work." The editorial column, like those of most of our Academy Journals, is lacking in depth and energy. The editorial on Carnegie and his millions is opportune, but abounding too much in quotations. We rightly expect the views of the editress herself not clippings from the press. And the exchanges receive but a very formal and conventional bow. However, to our sister exchanges we look mostly for wit, symmetry and cleverness, and judged from this standpoint, the *Aloysian* will disappoint but few of its readers.

W. ARNOLD '02.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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*A Catechism of Catholic Teaching in three Volumes.* By Rev. Alexander L. A. Klauder. Benziger Bros.

The style of this series is very simple and easy. Care has been taken not merely to adapt the answers to the questions, but to insure by means of grammatical construction an easy transition from one answer to the next following. The pupil is thus greatly assisted to obtain a connected view of the contents of the entire chapter. The explanation of unusual words and of such as are proper to catechism is subjoined to the answers. This is a prudent step towards remedying the evil of making the study of catechism in childhood a mere memorizing of words, without grasping the underlying thought. The second volume contains the exact answers of the first with additional instruction, and the third rises in the same manner above the second. This manner of extending the pupil's knowledge of religion is certainly preferable to successive treatises that differ from each other in wording and arrangement. Price I. Vol \$2.50, II. \$3.50, III. \$15.00 per 100.

*The Rosary of the Crown of Mary.* By a Dominican Father. Benziger Bros.

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structions for becoming a Rosarian. The latest authentic list of Rosary Indulgences, as approved by the S. C. Ind. in August 1899, forms an important part of its contents. In this volume every child of Mary will find a valuable guide to the treasures of the most Holy Rosary. Price 10 cts.

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### CARDS OF THANKS.

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The members of the Collegian staff would hereby express their thanks to the Very Rev. L. A. Moench, Valparaiso, Ind. for the valuable gift he sent them.

The ball-tossers wish to express their acknowledgement for the bats and balls they have received from Rev. F. J. Schalk, C. PP. S., Chaplain of Alexian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

Kindest thanks, Rev. Fathers!

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### SOCIETY NOTES.

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C. L. S. The Columbians held their quarterly election April 21st. The following officers were elected: Pres. Mr. W. Arnold; Vice Pres. Mr. E. Wills; Sec. Mr. R. Stoltz; Treas. Mr. H. Hoerstman; Critic. Mr. J. Mutch; Marshal. Mr. P. J. Hartman; Editor, Mr. S. Kremer; Ex. Com. Messrs. C. VanFlandern, M. Koester, E. G. Werling. As Auditing Committee the Chairman appointed Messrs. J. Mutch, H. Hoerstman and M. Koester, whose duty it is to examine all the books

containing the business affairs of the society since the last election.

This election was not as enthusiastic as some former elections of this year but all members showed great interest in choosing such men as would best further the interests of the society.

The election opened with a well chosen nomination speech by the present Chairman, Mr. C. Mohr, in which he pointed out the abilities of Mr. W. Arnold for president and recommended him to the vote of the society. Other good nomination speeches were made by Messrs. E. Hefele, H. Hoerstman, and E. Wills. Offices were likewise accepted by the honored members with such words as declared their hearty services to the C. L. S.

The Columbians rendered two very good programs March 31st. and April 14th. The following was rendered March 31st:

Music, Violin and Zither Duet; Essay, Henry Clay, E. Wills; Recitation, Return of Regulus, R. Stoltz; Debate, Resolved that Washington was a greater man than Franklin. Aff. E. G. Werling; Neg. S. Hartman. Comic Recitation, How Ruby Played, R. Monin. Dialogue, Christian Forgiveness, A. Schuette, E. Flaig; Music, Brass Quartet.

The following one was given April 14th: Music. Essay, Character, S. Kremer. Recitation, Alexander's Feast, H. Hoerstman. Music. Debate, Resolved that the actions of Mrs. Nation should receive our approbation. Aff. C. VanFlandern; Neg. J. Mutch. Declamation, Liberty and Inalienable Right, P. Welsh. Farce, Wanted a Confidential Clerk, Cast of Characters: Jonathan Dobbs,

a Merchant, A McGill; Bridget McCormick, a Hibernian, W. Flaherty; Horatio Lushington, an Applicant, F. Theobald; Charles Valentine, X. Jaeger; Dick Sharp, J. Brown. Music.

Both the above programs gave perfect satisfaction and were deserving of much praise. Their good features being the good and up-to-date selections made by the participants and the ease and exactness with which each rendered his part. They were considered by the critic as among the best ever given by the C. L. S.

The Columbians will give two more programs this year which we hope will be as interesting as the last two were.

A very good feature of Commencement this year will be a repetition of the Drama, St. Hermigild by the C. L. S. which we hope and believe will be very interesting to all who may be pleased to spend that time with us. The play in itself is considered a very good one and judging from the success we had on St. Joseph's Day we can rightly believe it will be a greater success this time.

We are glad to mention our great satisfaction with the efforts and services of our late librarian, Mr. S. Hartman. Never before was there so exact care taken of our library. No doubt the new constitution has effected much in this line since it forbids any current Literature to be taken out at all, and books only when registered; but all this would be of no use were there no one to attend to it. This office although connected with no few difficulties is well performed by our present librarian. Another good clause in our present con-



stitution is the one that requires strict silence in the library. Now we can really enjoy the company of the learned men of the world, and whether the storm howls about the walls, or the sun sends his morning rays through the windows, we can study the lives and deeds of all men of all times and travel with them from the most remote to the most renowned parts of the globe.

A. L. S. At a meeting held April 21st. the Aloysians elected the following officers: Pres., Mr. E. Cook; Vice Pres., Mr. A. W. Fisher; Sec., Mr. M. Shea; Treas., Mr. J. Jones; Marshal, Mr. C. Sibold; Librarian, Mr. J. Lemper; Editor, Mr. J. Barrett; Ex. Com., Messrs. J. Dabbelt, A. Lonsway, L. Flory.

Although the A. L. S. seldom appear in public there can be no doubt that they are a very active society since they render a private program every two weeks. Nor is there any lack of evidence that they become very proficient in literary work since the members of the A. L. S. quite frequently enter the C. L. S. and are found competent to take principal parts in difficult programs. It is an honor that they are getting as good a training as the Columbians, and it is to be believed and hoped that the day is not far distant when the C. L. S. and the A. L. S. will travel side by side along the path to glory. We expect to witness another program which the Aloysians intend to give some time in May.

Marian Sodality. The Queen Month has again arrived and all nature rejoices. We likewise with all the different societies devoted to

Mary have reasons to rejoice, not only because during this month nature clothes herself in the choicest robes, but also because this month has been dedicated to our Blessed Mother. Let us rejoice and sing praises to the Queen of Heaven. Such were the words which appeared to be printed upon the countenances of our happy crowd when we convened in the College Chapel on the first Sunday of May to fulfill the duties connected with the Marian Sodality. The chapel was as charming as usual, but the Blessed Virgin's Altar which was most beautifully decorated attracted our close attention. The meeting was conducted in a very edifying manner. The sermon preached by the Spiritual Director was right to the point in picturing the life and deeds of the Mother of God and in pointing her out as an example in all our actions, as guide in all our undertakings, as a protectress from the snares of the evil one, and as a dear mother at the hour of death. After this Messrs. L. Werling, E. Ley, and L. Flory were solemnly admitted into the sodality. The Office of the Blessed Virgin was then recited and the sodality adjourned.

E. G. WERLING, '03.

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## ATHLETICS.

The baseball season opened at St. Joseph's College on Sunday, April, 14. The St. Aquinos and St. Xaviers, the old-time rivals, battled for victory on that day. The game was close and exciting, and both teams played well in the field, but at the bat they were both weak. This poor showing with the stick can be accounted for by the new rule which makes the first two fouls be counted as strikes, thereby placing the batter in a pinch before he is hardly aware of it, and making it very easy to fan. Besides this it must be remembered that Van Flandern and Monin both pitched gilt-edged ball and never allowed many hits in succession. By the way, this was Monin's debut in fast company, and he acquitted himself most creditably and will no doubt make a reliable man for the St. Xaviers. Van Flandern was very steady and showed his usual cleverness in disposing of batters when a hit would mean a run. Welsh and Hoerstman played brilliantly by catching many difficult flies. The game was in the hands of both sides several times, but the St. Aquinos won out in the eighth inning on safe hits, aided by a bad error. The score:

St. Aquinos—3 0 0 1 0 0 0 3 x—7.

St. Xaviers—0 1 0 0 1 3 1 0 0—6.

Two base hit—Theobald. Struck out—By Van Flandern, 14; by Monin, 7. Hits—Off Van Flandern, 6; off Monin, 7. Time of Game—1:40. Umpires—G. Arnold and D. Schneider.



The St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers crossed bats for the second time this season on Sunday April, 28th. The game was a fair exhibition of ball, being at times close and fast and at times dull and uninteresting. The St. Xaviers put up a very good game in the field and at bat, while the St. Aquinos played poorly in both these departments. Monin pitched great ball, allowing the St. Aquinos but six singles. There is something about Monin's pitching which the St. Aquinos have not as yet solved. His work in this game was even superior to his previous performance. Welsh pitched his first game against the St. Xaviers and did well, considering that he was not in good condition and received ragged support. The Xaviers kept a small lead over the St. Aquinos throughout the game, but in the eighth inning, when the St. Aquinos balloon ascension took place, they secured their victory and won out by the score of 11 to 7. The score and summary follow:

St. Xaviers—0 4 1 1 0 2 0 3 x—11.

St. Aquinos—0 0 4 0 2 0 1 0 0—7.

Struck out—Monin, 10; Welsh, 6. Hits—Off Monin, 6; off Welsh, 10. Errors—St. Aquinos, 9; St. Xaviers, 5. Time of game—1:50. Umpire—Dr. Washburn.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 1st., the base ball team from Rensselaer came out to the college to play S. J. C. The Rensselaer team had some experienced men and a few "understudies." Their battery did very good work, Donley, the pitcher, being very steady and cool. Saylor was at short and played a good game both fielding and

batting, and ran the bases well. Parcels caught a good game while the score remained at medium proportions, but when S. J. C. made hits for two and three sacks with no let-up, he too gave up the game as a bad job. S. J. C. played good ball at all times. They fielded in fine form, and batted as they never did before, making nineteen hits, and the hits were mostly swift line ones. Kramer was in the box for S. J. C. and to him more than anyone else we can give credit for the victory. He was complete master of the situation at all times and allowed Rensselaer but seven scattered hits. Stoltz was at the receiving end of the battery and did excellent work, watched the bases closely and made the runner very shy about trying to purloin a base. Wessel was kept quite busy at short, accepting many hard chances.

Parcels opened the game by hitting safe to left. Whiting went out on a fly to right field. Sayler singled. Kramer struck out the next two men, retiring the side without a score. For S. J. C., Wessel connected safely. Sulzer struck out. Stoltz's hit was fumbled, Wessel scoring in the interim. Hoerstman hit the ball allowing Stoltz to score. Welsh and Theobald could not bind the sphere. Rensselaer made two runs in the second on a hit by McGregory, two errors, and Fiddler being hit by a pitched ball. Kramer scored a run for S. J. C. in their half of the second on a hit, a stolen base, and Bach's hot grounder being missed. In the third Rensselaer scored once on hits by Sayler and McCarthy. Arnold hit for two bases, Kramer planted the ball safe, and Hoerstman got

safe on an error. These with Bach's hit for three sacks gave S. J. C. three score in the third. Rensselaer after the third inning could do nothing with Kramer and scored but twice after the third, one run in the fifth and seventh. It was simply a case of too much Kramer all the while with Rensselaer. On the other hand, the case was just the opposite with S. J. C. In the fourth, fifth, seventh, and eighth innings they hit the ball with a regularity which kept the Rensselaer fielders chasing the ball all over the lot, and after making enough runs to win three games, they brought the slaughter to a close. We expect to meet some stronger teams before the close of school, but we cannot at this writing say when and with what teams we will play. The summary:

S. J. C.						Rensselaer.					
	R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E
Wessel, s s	1	1	5	3	1	Parcels, c	0	1	18	1	2
Sulzer, r f	1	1	1	0	1	Whiting, l b	0	0	4	0	1
Stoltz, c	5	3	16	1	0	Sayler, s s	3	2	0	2	0
Hoerstman, l f	4	0	0	0	0	Donley, p	0	0	1	1	0
Welsh, 3 b	4	2	1	0	0	Yoeman, l f	0	1	0	0	1
Theobald, c f	3	3	0	0	0	McCarthy, 2 b	0	1	1	0	0
Arnold, l b	3	3	2	0	1	Fiddler, c f	1	0	0	0	2
Kramer, p	1	3	1	1	1	McGregory, r f	1	2	0	0	1
Bach, 2 b	0	3	1	0	0	Bessel, 3 b	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	22	19	27	5	4	Totals	5	7	24	4	7
S. J. C.	2	1	3	5	5	0	3	3	x	—	22.
Rensselaer	0	2	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	—	5.

Two-base hits—Stoltz, Arnold, McCarthy. Three-base hits—Stoltz, Arnold, Bach. Stolen bases—S. J. C., 12; Rensselaer, 3. First base on balls—Off Donley, 3. Passed balls—Parcels, 3. Wild pitch—Kramer. Time of game—2:05. Umpire—Fendig.

E. A. WILLS, '03.



## LOCALS.

What's the matter with the military?

Enraged student: I wish this blamed Greek Grammar were on the "Index."

Disgusted "Sport" on rainy day: If those miserable planets want to play ball I wish they would now and then practice throwing something besides "drops."

Van Flandern says Louis IX. "never saw Cairo" in the seventh Crusade.

Brown. Say, "Tuts" did you ever go barefooted?

Tuts. Innocently. Well, I should say I did, I was born barefooted.

Bro. Pref. (admonishing Teck) — See here young man don't be so sassy.

Teck.—I can't help it Brother, we had sassafras tea for supper.

P. Hartman.—I wish that engineer in the boiler house would shut off that steam at night. The blamed thing kept me awake about two hours.

Mac.—Steam, nothing; it was that Irishman snoring.

Speaking to office boy.—Say! Teddie, did you see a draft in here. Its from that firm across the street.

Teddie.—No sir, the windows and doors have been closed for an hour, besides the wind isn't blowing from that direction.

A poetic thought struck Mutch the other day. He is slowly recovering.

The second teams of both study halls played a very interesting game of ball, April, 28. The young ball tossers of St. Xavier Hall carried off the victory in a ten inning game by a score of 16 to 15, Batteries—"Victors": Fisher, Hildebrand, J. A. Sullivan, V. Sibold; "O. K." Schaefer, Rath and Helmig.

Victor who is about the size of the bat he swings can manage to get a hit every time he goes to bat.

The Carrot to the Potato.—What are you crying for?

The Potato.—I've got dirt in my eyes.

As "Chick" took his place at the bat somebody remarked: "No flies on him is there?" Two minutes afterwards there were three strikes.

"Socks" was coming down stairs one day last week and an "idea" bumped him right in the face, but he paid no attention to it, which was really a shame, as fortune knocks at a man's door only once.

On April, 28, the St. Xavier boys were happy enough to win two victories. Fair Fortune certainly smiled on their efforts.

Youngster: Oh! ma, baby has cut a tooth.

Excited mother: There, I just knew he would hurt himself with that knife!

During the last game the catcher could hardly breathe the air about him because it was so full of holes; many batters fainted.

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HONORARY MENTION.

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## FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

## 95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, P. Carlos, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Flory, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, H. Heim, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, B. Huelsman, A. Junk, N. Keller, A. Knapke, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, J. Mutch, B. Quell, A. Reichert, M. Shea, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, B. Wellman, E. Werling, L. Werling, E. Wills.

## 90-95 PER CENT.

J. Barrett, J. Braun, C. Ellis, W. Fisher, W. Flaherty, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, J. Jones, E. Ley, A. McGill, L. Monahan, H. Muhler, J. Naughton, C. Ready, J. F. Sullivan, L. Wagner, P. Welsh, J. Wessel.

## FOR CLASS WORK.

## MARCH. 90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, J. Mutch, J. Becker, J. Bach, L. Monahan, R. Halpin, W. Flaherty,



F. Mader, R. Rath, L. Flory, B. Huelsman, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, H. Froning, A. Knapke, W. Ernst, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, A. Koenig, J. Lemper, R. Schwieterman, W. Scheidler, V. Meagher, L. Monahan, B. Wellman.

84-90 PER CENT.

M. Koester, M. Shea, C. Grube, P. Welsh, E. Wills, L. Huber, J. Dabbelt, J. A. Sullivan, A. McGill, A. Schaefer, J. F. Sullivan, A. Reichert, R. Reinick, V. Sibold, A. Lonsway, U. Fisher, F. Boeke, A. Hepp, T. Sulzer, C. Sibold, J. Jones, R. Monin, R. Stoltz, B. Quell.

APRIL. 90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, J. Mutch, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, N. Keller, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, F. Boeke, H. Froning, B. Huelsman, A. Knapke, F. Mader, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, J. Lemper, W. Ernst.

84-90 PER CENT.

M. Koester, R. Stoltz, C. VanFlandern, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, A. McGill, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, C. Grube, W. Scheidler, V. Sibold, W. Fisher, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, J. Barret, U. Fisher, E. Werling, A. Reichert, A. Hepp, T. Sulzer, J. F. Sullivan, J. Jones, P. Carlos, H. Heim, C. Ready.